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Nos. 336 and 338 connect at Welisville for Steubenville and Bellaire. Nos. 338 and 342 connect in Union Station, Pittsburgh, for the

BETWEEN BAYARD AND NEW PHILADELPHIA.

*Daily, †Except Sunday, fFlagstop, |Meals, Dark faced Type denotes time from 12 00 noon to 12 00 midnight, *ght Faced from 12 00 m da ght to 12 00 noon.

General Managov, General Passonger Agent 11-30-94.- I PITT-DURGH, PENN'A.

Fo. time cards, rates of fare, through tickets, bagga, e checks, and further information regarding the running of trains apply to any Agent of the Pennsylvania Lines.

ONG. Agent, Ravenna, Ohio.

JOSEPH WOOD,

Pitts'gls nr. 12 00 12 40 6 50 5 50

Cleveland & Pittsburgh Div.

ennsylvania Lines.

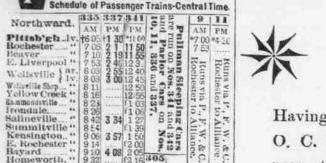
VOL. 27, No. 30.

RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1895.

WHOLE No. 1382

anditas Office

E. R. TAYLOR



GROCER



Having purchased the interest of the late Col. O. C. Risdon, I will continue the Grocery busness at the old stand, No. 3 Marvin Block, and cordially invite the former patrons of the house and the people of Ravenna and vicinity generally, to call and see me.

I shall endeavor to keep up the reputation of the House for fair dealing, and will keep always on hand a full stock of the best Groceries and Provisions.

N. B .- The books and accounts of the firm of Risdon & Taylor may be found at our store, and all those having accounts with us are urgently requested to call and make settlement at once.

E.R TAYLOR

We do not give away, nor can any house afford to give away good staple goods at less than cost But we will give you the closest margin on Fall and Winter Suits and Overcoats left in our stock now, to close, in order to make room for Spring stock. Goods that you at once see are what you want, and prices that can't be beat anywhere.

PETER FLATH.

GENTS' FURNISHER.

Trains depart from Ravenna as follows: EASTWARD. WESTWARD. town. No. 12, Flag Stop at Freedom, Windbam, and Braceville. Braceville. A. M. Tucker, Gen'l Manager, Cleveland. D. I. Roberts, Gen'l Pass, Ag't, New York. F. W. Bushibk, A. G. P. A., Chicago. M. L. Fours, Gen. Pass. Department, Cleveland,

TIME TABLE

Adopted Nov. 25, 1894.

TIME TABLE. CENTRAL STANDARD TIME. IN EFFECT JAN. 6, 1895 MAIN LINE .- WESTBOUND. STATIONS. No. 7 No. 3 No. 15 No. 5. LV. PITTSBURGH PITTSBURGH
ALLEGHENY
OALLERY JO
ZELIENOPLE
ELLWOOD
NEW CASTLE
YOUNGSTOWN
NILES
DE FOREST JO
WARREN
LEAVITTSBU'G
NEWTON FLS
RAVENNA
KENT
CUYAH'GA FLS
AKRON 8.27 8.44 4.08 9.51 4.05 5.09 10.47 5.84 5.55 EASTBOUND.

STATIONS. No. 8 No. 6 No. 14 No. 4 DE FOREST JO YOUNGSTOWN 7.11 4.19 7.40 NEW CASTLE ... ZELIENOPLE... 10.07 ZELIENOPLE...
CALLERY JO...
ALLEGHENY...
PITTSBURGH...
WASHINGTON...
BALTIMORE...
PHILAD'LPHIA
NEW YORK..... 6.15am 11.40 NOS. 5, 6, 14 AND 15 RUR DAILY. ARRIVE AND DEPA FROM B. & O. DEPOT, PITTSBURGH. NOS. 3 AND 4 DAI BETWEEN ALLEGMENY AND DE FOREST JUNGTION. OTH RAINS DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY LAKE DIVISION.

No. 53 No. 19 STATIONS. No. 18 No. 52 C. W. BASSETT, J. V. PATTON,

E. P. MERIZ, AGENT, MAVENNA, OHIO, .50 CLEVELAND
BUFFALO *

VIA "C. & B. LINE." Commencing with opening of navigation (about April 1st). Magnificent side-wheel steel steamers 'State of Ohio" & "State of New York"

DAILY TIME TABLE.

SUNDAY INCLUDED.

Lv. Cleveland, 6:00 P. M. | Lv. Buffalo. - 6:30 P. M.

Ar. Buffalo. - 7:30 A. M. | Ar. Cleveland. 7:30 A. M.

CENTEAL STANDARD TIME. Take the "C. & B. Line" steamers, and enjoy a refreshing night's rest when en route to Buffalo. Niagara Falls, Toronto, New York, Boston. Albany 1,000 Islands, or any Eastern or Canadian point Cheap Excursions Weekly to Niagara Falls SEND 4 CENTS POSTAGE FOR TOURIST PAMPELET. W. F. HERMAN, T. F. NEWMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt, OLEVELAND, 10.

Competition knocked off its Feet! 8-New York and Boston 2:85 a. m
38-Local Freight 7:15 a. m
12-New York and Boston 8:59 a. m
16-Youngstown and Pittsburg 5:15 p. m

Come where You can Buy Anything in Nos. 8, 12, 16, 5, 11 and 3 run daily.
No. 11 makes all stops, Salamanca to Gallion.
No. 16 makes all stops, Cincinnati to YoungsOur Store at Prices that other Dealers Pay for them.

Come and See for Yourselves. Largest and Best Stock of Jewelry Ever Exhibited in Ravenna.



GRAND DISPLAY

It Will PAY You to Visit Our Store

AN1 SEE THE LARGEST LINE OF

FURNITURE, CROCKERY

NOVELTIES and FANCY PIECES! PLATTED WAIRE &C.

To be found in one house in the State, Our Prices are Below Competition!

Our New Upholstered Rockers are Dandies, FROM \$2.50 UP.

In CROCKERY Finest Line ever shown AND LOWEST PRICES. Our Bargains in Lamps you should not let pass

Our UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT IS IN CHARGE OF A. B. FAIRCHILD. Which is a Guarantee that it will be well done

W. A. JENKINS & CO No. S, Phenix Block.

On the Track of a Good Shoe.

That's exactly where you are when you ask for our JNO. KELLEY SHOE.

If you are looking for a cheap and excellent article of footwear, this is the shoe of shoes, a shoe that will give you fits for both feet and never in their relation to athletic exercises. will give you a moments discomfort. He said: What especially recommends this shoe to public favor is its durability

A FULL LINE OF WINTER FOOTWEAR.

Expert Foot Fitters.

Sweethearts. Where are my sweethearts, fond and fair?
None of the graceful group I see;
Fitting fairles, they cilp the air,
Or peep from the woods and laugh at me,
Laugh at the old man moving slow,
In a circle of dreams of long ago! from eternity.

Thus in memory's mystic room
Supreme their changeless charms appear,
Rose and illy in breathing bloom,
And love-lit smiles that thrill and cheer.
Wherever affection has touched the past
Is immortality o'er it cast!

Seems it only a vision yet— One little month since her I met; May fadeless flowers enweath the night! A lady beautiful aglow With kindness. Strange! Her hair is

white, White, Her cheeks are sunset-tinted snow; Her eyes have that religious light Cathedrals in their dimness know! My queen of fairles! Not alone
I stood by her excited throne;
For he was there, her gracious king,
The royal family around,
Ah, what an unsubstantial thing
My room of old delight I found!
Each image false took instant wing,
Reality resumed the ground!
—Washington Star.

THE DOCTOR'S PROPHECY

Awakening from a state of lethargy, Comte Raymond de Villemere beheld his doctor gazing on him sadly. "Saved once more!" breathed the comte, and he smiled as he stretched out

"My poor friend," sighed the doctor. The sick man stared aghast.
"Pull yourself together," he con-"You are a man who can stand "What do you mean?"

"Your symptoms are those of "Of what?" "A curious plague. When the state of lethargy is over the patient has three lucid hours, at the end of which he dies

"Now, look here, keep your spirits up, like the plucky fellow you are. After all is said and done, life is not worth living for. Good-by-good-by,my poor friend-good-by." Ten minutes later the comte had Clad in his flannel smoking

jacket, he was putting the last touches

that his friend might have time to settle his worldly affairs.

his divan and began to reflect. his case was a peculiarly aggravating gladness the November mist, and they The day before, so soon as he was

taken with fever-he had made up his mind to prepare for the worst-he had sent for his lawyer and for a priest and destroyed all his letters. Then he had laid down his giddy head and fallen asleep with the conviction that he would not awake again before dooms-

But now he was like a conflemned man who, after having made sure of a reprieve, found himself suddenly on the way to the scaffold. Outside the cheery atmosphere of a

bright June day, the Champs Elysees were alive with a continuing stream of smart carriages. Everything spoke of happiness and health. He himself had never felt so fit. And he was asked to believe that to-morrow there would be nothing left of all this, so far as he was concerned, but a mournful crowd of friends, a trip in a slow, jolting hearse, and the mumbling priest before an open

To-morrow the joys and friendly ties of his whole life would be gone forever.

While he was finishing his cigar, reclining listlessly on the cushions of his divan, Raymond saw all his life flit past him as in a dream. Nearly forgotten episodes of his childhood cropped up as if they were quite recent; then, in rapid succession, his mind dwelt on the many times he had fallen in love between 15 and 25, until he came to the first month

of his married life. How full of unmitigated joy those days had been! Raymond remembered the minutest events of his honeymoon or moons, spent in fun and frolic, with pleasant excursions, verging on bachefor's dissipation, and freaks which made lively gossip for fashionable folk. Delighted beyond measure by the ad-miration which his wife excited whenever he took her, he was more madiy in love after his marriage than before. He would have been jealous if the mere possibility of such a thing could have been seriously entertained by either of them. And all this passionate love had been brought to an end by a scandalous

separation, owing to a blunder on his part and a rash escapade of the little By mutual consent they had separated. Yet, strange to say, their love for each other had continued. So far as the world was concerned, their relations were restricted to icy bows whenever they met on the boulevards, but their professed indifference for each other scarcely deceived their common friends. The idea of dying without having seen once more the woman he loved above all others appeared preposterous to the

solve seemed to be altogether out of place when brought face to face with everlasting separation.
What risk did he run now ing a reconciliation, even if it were not Raymond sprang to his feet, and, seating himself before his writing desk,

comte. Studied obstinacy and stern re-

scribbled hurriedly a short telegram and sent it off by his valet. He looked at his watch; he had two hours more to live-the comtesse would have time to come.

Would she come? Would she be touched by a note containing a dying man's farewell? Or, in the relentless dignity of offended woman, would she refuse to forgive, even under these solemn circumstances?

The anguish of uncertainty, added to the moral torture, made Raymond wince despite all his nerve and resolution to take his insvitable fate qually. With Atchison Globe.

and handsome appearance. In getting it you are not only on the right track but on an exceedingly pleasant one to travel.

Smith and Brigham.

something very like terror he eyed the fleeting minutes which separated him Another hour flew away while he was getting ready to die, stopping now and then to muse with melancholy on his past life. He wrote to his mother a very long letter, full of reminiscences of his

early life and as he did so tears came to Suddenly Raymond started at the sound of the electric bell. After a few

seconds of wild expectation the door was opened and the servant ushered in: "Mme. la Comtesse de Villemere!" He rose from his seat, very pale. "Odette!" he exclaimed.

But the young woman remained standing on the threshold, her features contracted with anger. "This is a most shameless trick, sir."
"A trick! What do you mean?"
"You wrote me word that you are

dying, and I find you up and well, writ-ing your letters. Good-by, sir."
"Odette! Do let me explain; one word only." And as she was leaving the comte snatched up from the desk the letter he was writing to his mother and held it out to her. "Read this before

leaving," he gasped.

She took the letter, glanced at the first few lines, and then fell on Raymond's neck sobbing.

"Poor boy! It was the truth." For a few minutes they remained clasped in each other's arms, full of passion and pain, giving mute expression to the memory of the happy months they had spent together and to remorse for the year of happiness they had lost by their separation.

They sat down close to one another, hand in hand, completely overcome by their feelings. At last the comte bethought himself

of his forefathers, one of whom had climbed the steps of the scaffold in '93 whistling a tune from the "Indes "Well, never mind," said he, with a

smile. "I suppose I ought not to complain. I am dying of a complaint which will be fashionable to-morrow." But Odette looked at him reproachfully, and he did not continue. Women to his toilet. The doctor had withdrawn have no taste for irony.

They chatted about old times-at first almost in a whisper, as if they were When he had done brushing his in a room where death had stricken mustache and smoothing his finger nails down a fellow creature; then, by de-Raymond chose one of his driest cigars grees, the remembrance of better days and lit it, while casting a sorrowful look brought to mind a little incident which at the others-those which he was not made their lips smile, while their eyes to smoke. Then he threw himself on caught sight on the wall of some object recalling particulars of the life they had However brave he might be, how-ever fearless of death, Comte de Ville- chase, which evoked the sound of the mere soon came to the conclusion that huntsman's horn as it rent in glowing dwelt with pleasure on the day when they had cantered side by side, rustling the brown leaves which covered the

forest path. charming cotillous, reminded them of a German waltz which they had danced before their marriage, and how they had flirted the same evening under the palm trees of the hot-house.

They lived over again their rides in the Bois de Boulogne, under the green, shady boughs, when they were like two boys out for a spree, breakfasting at the Pavilion Chinois and coming through the Champ Elysees to take their part in the exuberant life of the gay city; they would part for a few hours, rearning to meet again-after being pored at the club and at 5 o'clock teain their box at the opera or in the tete-

-tete of their home. Raymond and Odette were so absorbed by these old souvenirs that they became oblivious of time and of the terrible circumstance which had brought them together again.

The bell rang. They awoke to painful reality and exchanged a horrible look of anguish. "Dr. Darlois," announced the valet. "Why, you do not mean to say that you are out of bed?" said the medical

man, with an amazed countenance. "I was coming to-"You were coming-"Well, I don't see why I should not tell the truth now that, thank God! I was mistaken. I was coming to make

quite sure you were dead!" "Much obliged," smiled the comte. "Then he is out of danger?" inquired

Odette, anxiously. "There is no question about it. But it is certainly very odd, for the Echo des Cliniques published yesterday an exdescription of the Nona. Nevertheless, pray be assured that I am very happy. Unquestionably the doctor was very

happy. At the same time, if he had told the whole truth he would have admitted that he was rather vexed at having been such a bad prophet. "Odette," suggested Raymond, in whisper, "do not you think you might ask him to dinner with us in the evening?"-From the French in the Strand Magazine.

Bullet Proof Shields.

The invention of bullet-proof shields is enlarging, and the patent office will soon be compelled to eatablish a special sub-department for the exposition of de-When she asked if he had an assistant, vices in this direction. A point is laid down by a New York engineer, which is that the outer surface of such material should be of a soft, yielding ma- when you stopped the train for me?" terial, which is apt to ward off effectual-ly the force of the projectile. If the hard. ly the force of the projectile. If the outer surface is hard and unyielding the blow is sometimes so great as to overpower the recipient of the shot, and instance are on record that men on the battle-field have actually been killed by this shock. The whole subject is an intricate one, and the progress made in it is not such as to deter the inventor it is not such as to deter the inventor.

hard.

"I don't know your name—I never did," he said. "I do know that the train stopped after it started, and have been wondering ever since what the deuce was to pay with the engineer." Then at her request he took her through the whole train, but no man in uniform was it is not such as to deter the inventor visible, nor any one whom Mrs. Smith

She Protested.

Ethel-What did you do when your fiance said he was going to have his mustache shaved off? Maude-Oh, I set my face against it. -Hariem, Life.

When a woman stops crying about a ing a lover. It is worse on the constiman she has stopped caring for him. — tution that chills. — Atchison Globe.

ON THE ANGLE OF THE JAW.

Why an Ordinary Blow Delivered There Is Likely to Prove Fatal.

"Why is a blow upon the angle of a man's jaw—the knock-out blow of pugilists-so effective, and what is the nediate result of such a blow?" In view of the recent death of Con Riordan after a boxing bout with Champion Fitzsimmons, this question was put by a Baltimore Sun reporter to Dr. B. Merrill Hopkinson, himself an athlete and the president of the Baltimore Athletic Club. Dr. Hopkinson has given study to anatomy and physiology

"It is somewhat difficult, without entering into technicalities, to describe properly the knock-out blow. The skull rests upon the 'atlas,' the first of the bones or vertebræ of the neck. The articulation or joint is simply by means of a contact of the condyles or proturbances at the base of the skull with two facets on the atlas. The arrangement is most favorable for movements of the head, but is susceptible to dislocation. Immediately at the base of the skull is the foramen magnum—a great hole—which forms the passageway between the skull cavity and the spinal canal. Through this pass the spinal portion of the central nervous system and vertebral arteries.

"A blow delivered upon the angle of

the jaw is, of course, given directly at right angles to the passageway between the body and brain, through which passage run the wonderfully delicate structures. Now, owing to the slender joint of the skull with the spinal column, resistance must necessarily be very weak, and a blow, even though a light one, is capable of producing so great a shock that a man can readily be rendered unconscious by its effect. An experiment is very simple. Let any one strike himself a quick blow just at the angle of the jaw, and he will find that he is dazed just in proportion to the amount of the force applied. That it is possible to kill a man by such a blow has been demonstrated more than once, and more is the pity that such a thing can be recorded in the recital of the so-called amusements.

"I do not believe that a man in good physical training, with healthy heart and arteries and well nourished nervous system, could be destroyed by such a blow from another man who is his phy-sical equal, but it would not take a sledge-hammer blow delivered upon the angle of the jaw to produce a thrombus or blood clot at the base of the brain of a man whose heart, arteries and nervous system had been weakened by alcoholic or other excesses. Temporary knock-cuts occur daily and fatal cases are of rare occurrence; indeed, the pro-portion of deaths as compared with horse racing or football is ridiculously small. Any man entering t ring is liable to receive a blow which will 'put him to sleep,' and the duration of unconsciousness is altogether proportioned to the science of the delivered blow, the position of the man struck and the amount of force used."

WHY THE MONUMENT IS THERE. The Story of Major Dade and His Brave

Many visitors to West Point have wondered what was represented by a away by the preparer is a trick of the handsome monument of Italian marble, inscribed "Dade and His Command." The story is not told, or only casually referred to, in the popular histories, and the shaft tells nothing of the gallant deeds of those whom it commemorates. It is a fluted column of artistic design, surmounted by an eagle, from whose beak descends a wreath which grace- the judiciousness of the course but the fully entwines it. The base is square, fact exists that it is done. the slabs bearing the names and inscription being separated by miniature cannon, over which numerous stars are placed at appropriate intervals. The names of the officers who fell with Dade are inscribed on the slabs. But no hint is given of what they did, or when and where they fell.

The thrilling episode is worth recalling, especially as it occurred just fiftynine years ago, or, to be precise, on the 28th of December, 1835. Major Dade and a detachment of 117 United States troops were within a few days' march of Fort King, Florida, when they were surprised and massacred by over 1,000 Seminole Indians. The men were rejoicing at having almost reached the end of a long and tedious march, and were looking forward to celebrating the New Year with their comrades at Fort King. They were suddenly ating numbers, and slaughtered without mercy. Three only survived to tell the An exploration of the battle-

field, made in the following February, by order of General Gaines, showed that the detachment had fought to the last extremity, and that each man had died at his post. The scene presented to the exploring party was an awful one. They buried the bodies of eight officers and ninety-eight men, and a small sixpounder cannon belonging to the command, which was left by the Indians, was placed vertically at the head of the common grave, where it remained for

The long-forgotten tragedy is com-memorated by the graceful shaft on the banks of the Hudson, inscribed simply to "Dade and His Command." It was erected in 1845 .- Buffalo Com-

Spectre Stops a Train.

Here is something that is said to have happened less than a year ago, within less than a hundred miles of this city. An elderly lady, whom I shall call Mrs. Smith, set out for the metropolis in the early afternoon. Friends gathered around her at the little way station where

she meant to take the train. They had so much to say that the gates of it were on the point of closing as she made to get aboard. It was startling, in fact, when she saw a man in a conductor's uniform lean out and say: "Wait, Mrs. Smith. The train shall

It did stop, in fact, obedient to his signal, and she scrambled on and found a seat. Once settled in it, it came over her like a flash that the obliging conductor was a young man she had befriended years before.

"I will thank him properly

takes up my ticket," she said to herself. But, to her disappointment, the man who took it was an utter stranger. either regular or volunteer, she got : "Then, how do you know my name,

it is not such as to deter the inventor from thinking out new devices.

Whole train, but no man in uniform was ly give them too much water.

'Another mistake that most people was puzzled over it not a little she is the please that of thinking the please is dead because the leaves turn still without an explanation of how she the plant is dead, because the leaves turn happened not to miss her train.

> A man in town is dying by inches. He is engaged to be married and can't afford to marry before two years and is gradually wearing himself out by be

who has bought the M. A. King Fire Insurance Agency—the largest in the County—and is now giving his entire time to the insurance business Reasonable rates and honest dealing is the motto. OFFICE in Phenix Block, over J. C. CLARK Dry Goods Store, Ravenna, Ohio.

Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U.S. Gov't Report

FACES MADE ARTISTIC. Blemishes Removed and Objectionable Features Remedied.

Why should any woman be an un-pleasant reflection of herself in the mirror, is the query of varied curists of the day. There are tonics to fatten and exercise to reduce; athletics to produce strength and color and dyes to subdue or brighten the shade of one's hair, says the N. Y. Press.

Is the complexion bad? Then cos-metics and coloring matter are pushed aside to give way to massage and steaming, for the method of personal art is growing more healthful every day. The manicurist and the hair-dresser care for the two extremities in an artistic manner and the curves that nature or gymnastics have not sufficiently developed are left to the art of the couturiere and the south's staple production. But-wail women!-given figure, complexion and coloring complete, one's features remain often a serious

Just here is where the surgical curist, the dermatologist, steps in. These "promoters" of good looks claim to arrange a harmonious contour in the features that nature thought wise

to neglect. Should the forehead wrinkle small slits are made at the junction where the hair grows and the skin pulled up smooth and taut and a bit of adhesive plaster put on; and the wound soon heals. If the cheeks are inclined to be "saggy", wrinkle deeply about the mouth and seem to lack muscle the little incisions are made in the extreme outer surface of the cuticle near the ears and the same method employed These bits of neat surgery require skill but are not dangerous, as the operation is confined entirely to the top layer and not extending to dangerous depths. Also, the marking leaves no scars and the pain is incidental

However, these are the simpler operations. For the changing of the features more skillful and compromising treatment is advanced. One's nose can be enlarged or narrowed, the ears can be put at a different angle, the eyebrows be thickened or thinned and eyelashes be made longer. This is done by fine instruments and in the case of those sufficiently venturesome to try the experiment the result has been most satisfactory to patient and dermatologist. A nobler test of the curist's art is to

puncture the eyes with a harmless so-lution that broadens the color line or deepens it as the case is desired. This is an operation that is doubtful and has been tested by a minority only Puncturing the cheeks with a solution of rosaline and glycerine with other component parts that are not given

ter injected under the epidermis, which produces a roseate glow that pervades for at least a year. As to the wisdom of these proceedings toward personal adornment the individual must choose. One may question

trade that is more popular. Small

needles are used and the coloring mat-

Her Noblest Duty.

The forms of life are subject to law, and a broken law avenges itself by making an end of the law-breaker. The new woman will not continue long in the land. Like other fashions, she destined to excite notice, to be admired, criticised and forgotten. The liberty which she invokes will be fatal to her. If on men's selection of their mates the future depends-and they are still, by force of numbers, able to choose-what likelihood is there that an untamed Marcella-still less the scientific Evadne, and the "savage viper" with chloroform on her toilet table-will attract either

Hercules or Apollo? Who would bind himself to spend his days with the anarchist, the athlete, the blue-stocking, the aggressively philan- ning along the street at the base of the tacked by the savages, in overwhelm- thropic, the political and surgical wom- city wall just as one of the ancient towan? And what man would submit to ers was overthrown. When the dust an alliance which was terminable, not cleared away he was discovered pinned was tired of him? Such are not the ideals to which he had looked up or the qualities that win his effective to the ground by great stones lying on his skirts, but himself quite unburt.

qualities that win his affections. The age of chivalry cannot die long as woman keeps her peculiar grace, which is neither rugged strength nor stores of erudition, but a human nature predestined to motherhood. She is called upon, in the plain language of Mr. Carpenter, "to bear children, to guard them, to teach them, to turn them out strong and healthy citizens of the great world." And she has a divine right to all that will fit her for so noble a duty .- Quarterly Review.

CONCERNING SMILAX.

of the Creeper. "Smilax," said the florist," "is just as fashionable for decorating purposes now as it was ten years ago. It is one of the few small-leaved creepers that we

A Florist's Expert Hints on the Treatmet

have, and while it never attains the luxuriance with us that it does in the tropics, its lack of rank growth gives it just that delicacy of appearance that makes it so valuable and useful. "A peculiar thing about smilax is that notwithstanding its hardiness and free growth it will not grow at all unless the conditions are exactly right. Most people kill it at the start by placing the vine right in the sunniest window. As

a matter of fact, smilax, like ferns, requires a shady place, though I do not mean by that a dark, close corner. Another peculiarity of the plant is that while it requires plenty of air, it will die in a draught. In a word, when you try to grow smilax you must try to reproduce the natural conditions under which it grows as nearly as possible, and those are warmth, moisture, and plenty of quiet air. One of the best places for your box of smilax is at the side of a sunny window.

"Smilax will grow either from seeds or bulbs, but I guess you will find the best results, and you will no doubt get speediest results, from bulbs. As soon as the sprouts appear, start a network

yellow. That's the end of one life, but not of the plant's life. When the leaves begin to turn, water but very little, and when the foliage is dead, take up the bulbs, pack them away where it is dry and cool for a couple of months or so, and then they'll be rested out sufficiently to begin raising another family of follage."—N. Y. Sun.

MOST PLEFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Grape Grant of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alam or any other adulterant, 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

STRANGE SCENES IN TIMBUCTOO. The Town Scarcely Recognizable Under French Dominati

FIRE: FIRE! FIRE!

Insurance a Specialty.

Ho! Good people of Portage County! Do E. M. WALLER,

A French officer at Timbuetoo, in a letter communicated to the Temps, describes that town as hardly recognizable now that there is the bustle of soldiery there and the sound of trumpets, with an embattled fort and a gate closed every night. There is also a municipality, besides police commissaries and scavengers, so that promenades in the streets at night involve no unpleasant-ness. In the market a troop of Tuareg boys, their fathers killed and themselves picked up in reconnaissances, address you in a smattering of French. The market, with its straw sheds and its odor of meat and rotten fish, is very poorly supplied. The oldest mosque has within the inclosure acacias dotted with hideous black storks. A labyrinth of narrow streets leads to the massive Tower of Sancore, the summit of which serves as a perch for all the pigeons of the district. In spite of its three mosques and of its being a holy city, religion has very little hold on the people. Timbuctoo, in fact, is merely a

vast exchange where salt, calicoes and honey are given for slaves. Before the arrival of the French Tuaregs on horseback would often arrive at night before a merchant's shop and stick their lances in his door, whereupon he was glad to offer them his best goods as blackmail. Many doors still bear these lance marks. The Tuaregs still occasionally carry off slaves working in the millet fields, and the French have to make weekly reconnaissances to tranquillize the villagers, for though the latter were accessory to the massacre of the Bonnier column, their millet is required for men and horses. The Tuaregs have only twice shown fight. In one case they used the captured mus-kets of the Bonnier column, and left forty-five of their number dead on the sand. Their usual plan is to draw the French into a tedious pursuit and then attempt a nocturnal surprise, but against this the French are now on their

Earthquake Incidents. A Constantinople correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says that it will probably never be known how many persons were killed in that city by the earthquake of last summer. The Turkish government has a chronic hatred of facts and the newspapers were forbid-den to publish statistics of the earthquake. What are believed to be moderate estimates place the number of deaths at about 150 and the number of

the wounded at about 600. The correspondant cannot help praising the courage of the firemen stationed on watch at the top of a tower more than 200 feet high. They stuck to their post, although the tower swayed like a flagstaff, and when the fires broke out after the overthrow of dwellings, they gave the signals as usual.

Another case of a similar sort was that of a minaret-builder who had gone up to the top of a minaret to remove conical can which the first shocks had thrown askew. While he was there another shock occurred and there was another panic in the streets.

His assistants, who were in one of the galleries of the minaret, began to run down-stairs, and the mosque servants below shouted to him to come but he staved where he was. "If this is going to fall." he said, "it will fall before I can get out of it." And he proceeded with his work. Many wonderful escapes occurred.

Iwo men were walking together. A Turk met them, and as is not unusual when a Turk meets foreigners, he pushed in between them, instead of turning to one side. At that instant a stone fell from the building above them and hit the Turk, who fell dead between the two horrified foreigners.

But the most marvelous escape was that of a boy 3 years old. He was run-

An engineering journal has collected some interesting statistics from the tables of a German miners' insurance company, If a man loses both hands cent loss. In other words, he has been deprived of the ability to earn a livelihood. The loss of the right hand depreciates the value of an individual as a worker 70 to 80 per cent, while the loss of the left hand leaves him with only 60 to 70 per cent of his original earning capacity. The thumb is taken as play ing a part equal to 20 to 30 as a bread winner; the first finger of the right hand is put at 14 to 18 per cent, that of the left hand at from 8 to 13.5 per cent and the middle finger of either hand is worth from 10 to 16 per cent. The value of the third finger is put down as from 7 to 9 per cent, while that of the little finger is estimated at 9 to 12 per cent. These valnes may appear arbitrary, but it is explained that the apparent inconsistency in the rating is occasioned by the difference in trades followed by injured ones.

Don't Plan, but Act. Do not say to yourself that if you were rich or influential or had you executive power you would do thus or the assistance of your friends, but put your shoulder to the wheel and do the very best you can for yourself and for others in the sphere in which you have been placed. The timest thing that exists has its influence upon something. So you have. The sphere may be small, but action will make it

The most valuable pearls are perfect-

Highest Honors-World's Fair,

